

MARSTON MYSTERY LED TO HIS BROTHER'S FATH.



Characters in and the Scene of the Marston Mystery and Tragedy.

WILLIAM H. MARSTON, one of New York's most widely known business men, and brother of Charles E. Marston, his business associate, who mysteriously disappeared last Tuesday afternoon, died yesterday morning from a razor cut on the wrist. His family claim that it was an accident. All the indications, however, are that it was a suicide. The mystery of the disappearance of one brother and the apparent suicide of the other are still to be solved.

William Marston was sixty-four years of age. His brother, Charles, was sixty. They came to New York together from Deerfield, New Hampshire, forty-five years ago, and as mere youths began the battle of life together in New York. At Deerfield several sisters and other relatives still live.

Brothers Were Inseparable.
For almost all the time since then they have been inseparable. For over thirty years they have been business partners, engaging in one venture after another. For thirty-six years they have lived together in the handsome brownstone front at No. 112 West Forty-fourth street.

Charles Marston remained a bachelor. The elder brother married, and his three children, Robert, the eldest, and two daughters, Ella and Laura, still live at the family home. His wife died many years ago and he remained a widower. His brother, Charles, made a happy member of the quiet household, and it seemed as if serious trouble could never come near them.

True, there were financial reverses from time to time, and although at one time credited with being worth over a million, at other times the Marston brothers were poor. But their ability and energy always triumphed over such reverses, and it was never long before they were again on the top rounds of prosperity.

Never was there a man more regular than Charles Marston. Not once in six months was he away from home later than 8 o'clock in the evening, and then it was to accompany his niece, on whom he lavished deep affection, to some reception or entertainment.

Charles's Regular Habits.
He always returned from his office at 5 o'clock. He always had dinner at 6. His lunch was always taken at his office, and always consisted of milk and crackers.

When he did not come home to dinner on last Tuesday his brother and family were greatly alarmed. When he did not appear during the night the hospitals were anxiously searched and the police were notified, and a general alarm was sent out.

So far as known, he has not since been heard from. That any entanglements of business reverses could be at the bottom of his disappearance was denied by all who knew him.

When Charles Marston disappeared William had been confined to his home for several days by illness. His doctor told him that it was an attack of indigestion and heat prostration.

William Marston took his brother's disappearance deeply to heart. He insisted that nothing but an accident could have kept him away, and the genial, kindly face grew full of trouble lines. Still he maintained his usual composure, and to his family was the same kindly man as of old.

Almost Cheerful on Sunday.
Sunday he spent at home, and his daughters say that there was no trace of unusual trouble in his manner. Once in a while he spoke of his brother, but spent a day and evening of almost cheerful quietness and bade his son and daughter good night at 11 o'clock and went to his room, which was the front room on the second floor of the building.

Yesterday morning early he was heard

moving about in his room, but did not appear at breakfast with the rest of the family. Nothing, however, was thought of this, as his illness had for several days made him irregular at meals.

But when at half-past 8 o'clock he had not appeared, his daughter Laura knocked at his door. It was closed, although earlier in the morning it was slightly ajar, as it had been throughout the night.

There was no response to her knock and she knocked again and louder. Still there was no response, and now thoroughly alarmed she turned the knob and tried to open the door.

Found Her Father Dead.
It opened but a few inches, and then some obstruction held it. She put her face through the opening and saw her father, lying on one side on the floor, motionless, and with his clothing saturated with blood.

With a scream she ran for her brother, who came running in the stairs. Mrs. Ella Chase, a widow, who is a sister of the dead man, and has for some time had the management of the household, hurried for a doctor.

Dr. Charles C. Jolliffe, a close friend of the family, lives at No. 322 West Fifty-first street, but although such a distance from the Marston house he was the only one sent for.

Dr. Jolliffe's own story of what he did when he arrived is interesting. He said, when seen yesterday at his office, that he did not attempt to enter the room, but, satisfying himself that Mr. Marston was dead, hurried to the police station on West Forty-seventh street.

The police gave out, yesterday morning, the story that Mr. Marston had killed himself by cutting his throat from ear to ear, and said Dr. Jolliffe told them so. As a matter of fact, the only cut was on the wrist.

When asked why he had said this, Dr. Jolliffe said that the police had misunderstood him, and that he had only said that the man had died from a cut.

"I did not know, then, where the was. I did not know whether he had cut his wrist or his throat. I only knew he was dead."

"But how, with so slight an examination, did you know he was dead?"
"Oh, I just reached in the opening and felt for his pulse in his wrist. I felt no pulse and so I did not go in."

When asked why he had declared that Mr. Marston had committed suicide, and that the cause was insanity, he said:

Thought It Looked Like Suicide.
"Oh, I don't think I quite said that. I think I told the police that it looked like suicide, and that the only possible cause could be temporary insanity caused by worrying about his brother's disappearance."

A policeman soon appeared and the coroners' office was notified. Dr. Jolliffe, who was an old friend of Mr. Marston, also came promptly and remained at the house during the greater part of the day.

The family, when seen yesterday, all agreed that the death of Mr. Marston was due to accident. They said the razor must have cut his wrist by accident, and most probably as he was stropping his razor. They said that none of them had heard any cry or alarm, but that they were probably all downstairs at breakfast when the tragedy occurred.

They refused, however, to allow the room to be seen, so that the relative position of the body, articles of furniture and shaving mirror could be understood. That Mr. Marston had taken off his night shirt, put on his undershirt and begun to shave they looked on as proof that no suicide was intended.

Indications of Suicide.
Dr. Hamilton Williams, Coroner's Physician, went to the house in the afternoon, and the result of his investigation points with apparent conclusiveness to the theory of suicide, in stead of that of an accidental cutting of the wrist, either by a false stroke in stropping or by falling in an attack of vertigo, upon the open blade.

There was no blood upon the carpet in

front of the glass where he would have shaved. The doctor found no shaving brush or mug.

The condition of the bed showed that Mr. Marston had bled while lying upon it, and the stained razor lay on a little stand at the side of the bed, and at the furthest side from the mirror.

Cut Severed an Artery.
The cut on the wrist began at a point three and a half inches from the base of the thumb and went diagonally across the wrist. It was very deep at the beginning and severed an artery there. From the report of Dr. Williams it was evident that it was just such a cut as a man would make in a fall or in stropping.

Although Dr. Williams did not definitely express himself as he said it was for the wound was inflicted by accident or design it was apparent that he believed the case to be one of suicide.

The inquest will probably be held in about a week.

The Brothers' Latest Venture.
For sometime past the principal business of the Marston Brothers has been that of the Hopkins Alaska Coal Mining Company, of which William H. Marston was president, and Charles E. Marston, secretary and treasurer. The office of the company was on the top floor of the Produce Exchange, who occupies the office with them, say that coldness arose because they would not invest.

Not Rated or Listed.
The company was incorporated in West Virginia. It is not rated in either Dunn or Bradstreet's, nor is it listed at the Mining Exchange nor known of by Secretary Heald.

It was learned that George W. Swain, of No. 420 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, was vice-president, and Mr. Miller said that he remembered hearing Mr. Swain speak enthusiastically of the company's prospects but a few days ago. He then said that he did not see why he need sell, even if \$20 a share were offered.

No one, in fact, could be found who had anything to say against the company and the son of Mr. Marston declares positively that he was not worried about it. It is said, too, that the younger brother, Charles, left a balance of \$1,800 in the bank when he disappeared.

Originated the Erie Deal.
William Marston was the more brilliant of the two, and he was the originator of the big Erie deal in which Gould and Fisk opposed Drew and Vanderbilt. The brothers made money rapidly, and then came the crash and bankruptcy, and one day William Marston, when asked what were his assets took from his pockets seven cents and a key. Then, till times grew better, the two brothers daily walked from Forty-fourth street down town, rather than pay to ride.

William Marston was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and has always been credited with having persuaded Lincoln to throw over Thurlow Weed's candidate for Governor of the Port and appoint his own candidate instead. That, however, was his single effort to interfere in politics.

MOB LINED TO LUNCH SHOP.

Carey Bates, a Wild Negro, Fired Bullets Into Two White Men.

THEN HE SHOT A HORSE.

Later He Ran Amuck and Sought to Kill a Policeman Who Stopped Him.

With a crowd of would-be lynchers at his heels, Carey Bates, a young negro, led a Wild West chase through West Thirty-ninth street yesterday afternoon. He had shot two men without provocation and was organized with knife and pistol to slaughter more citizens when the police overhauled Bates in front of the patrol wagon stables at No. 432 West Thirty-ninth street.

The wounded men are George Clarke, of No. 435 West Thirty-ninth street, and William McGraw, of No. 631, same street. Both men were shot in the right leg.

According to Bates, a crowd of white men assaulted him with black jacks in front of his home, No. 432 West Thirty-ninth street, but this is denied. Another version is that on Sunday evening the negro struck a small girl with a baseball. When chided for his cruelty Bates is said to have collected a number of negroes, armed with pistols, after which he invited the white population to battle. The palefaces had no leader and the fight did not come off.

At noon yesterday Bates left his work at Pier No. 39, North River, and went home. While in front of his house, he says, a crowd assaulted him with clubs. He then drew his revolver, fired three shots in the air and three at the men with clubs. Witnesses say there were no assaults. Clarke, the first man shot, was standing on the other side of the street. McGraw was driving down the middle of the street. When the bullet struck him he fell from the wagon to the pavement. Bates then fired at McGraw's horse, hitting the animal in the side.

After bringing down his men Bates fled up Thirty-ninth street at the head of a mob that yelled "lynch him!" The fugitive turned into Ninth avenue just as Policeman Trojan came out of a barber shop on the corner. The policeman tried to head off Bates, but was himself pocketed among a lot of trucks.

When the shooter was finally stopped in front of the patrol wagon stables, he attempted to shoot another policeman. He was quickly disarmed and rushed into the stable, where the crowd tried to get at him. The mob was dispersed with difficulty, after which the desperado was taken to the West Thirty-seventh street police station. Clarke and McGraw are at Bellevue Hospital.

A violent race war has been raging on West Thirty-ninth street for some weeks, and the police say the shooting was the outcome of this war. Many negroes live on this street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. Landlords have made an effort to dispose of white tenants and fill their houses with negroes in the interest of peace.

After the shooting the feeling grew. Two policemen were stationed at each end of the block to preserve order. At 8 o'clock three negroes ran into the West Thirty-seventh street police station with the news that colored persons were being slaughtered in Thirty-ninth street. A section of the reserves went to the scene, where that several fights had taken place. One colored man was slightly cut, but he had disappeared. For fear of trouble the police guard was doubled.

PASTOR HOWELL FORCED TO MOVE.

Transferred from Monticello by Bishop Potter for the Good of the Church.

Monticello, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Rev. David T. Howell, rector of the Episcopal Church, Monticello, N. Y., was removed from that charge yesterday by Bishop Potter and sent to New York City.

Mr. Howell during the past few months has figured quite prominently in both courts and newspapers. In April his wife had him arrested on a charge of bigamy, for which he was fined three days in jail or \$3. He took the three days. When he was released Mrs. Howell brought suit against him for non-support, and received an order for \$10 a week alimony and \$100 counsel fee, none of which has been paid by the rector.

Mrs. Howell then brought suit for \$75,000 damages against Mr. Howell's congregation, a wealthy member of Mr. Howell's congregation, for alienation of her husband's affections. The people in the church had taken sides and the Bishop thought it best to remove the rector.

TWO KILLED IN A TRAIN WRECK.

Cars Bearing Soldiers Bound for Fort McPherson Run Into by a Freight.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 1.—A train wreck in which two men were killed and four or five injured, occurred on the Central Railroad at Fort McPherson today. A train bearing soldiers bound for the camp at Lithia Springs, was run into by a freight train. Both engines and trains were badly wrecked. Bodies were torn in parts, and hands, arms and legs were found lying about.

The dead are: William J. Green, a fireman, taken from under wrecked engine dead and badly mutilated. An unknown man, arms and legs recovered, but still under the wreck.

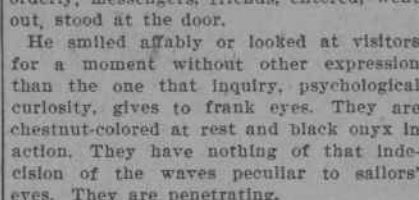
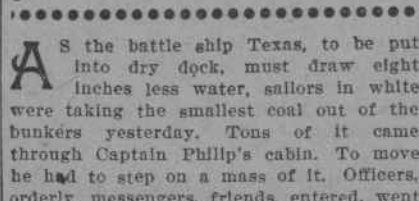
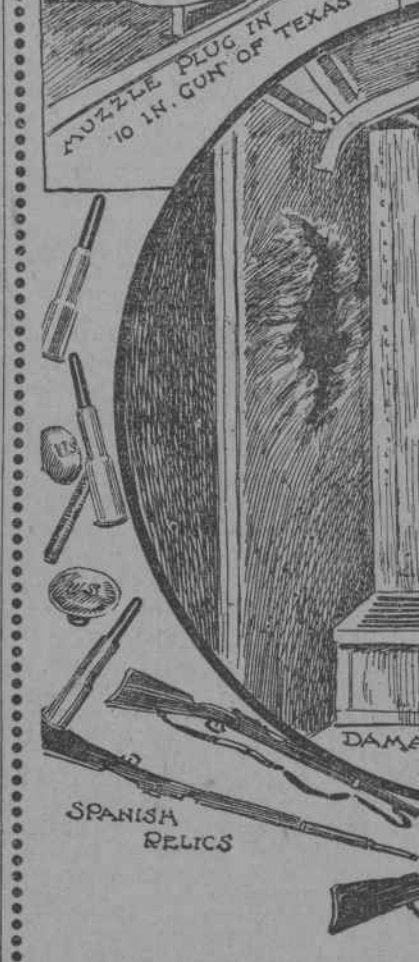
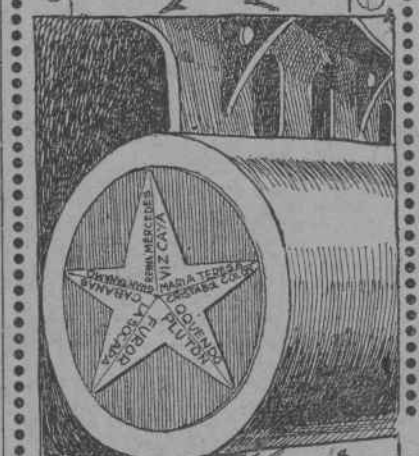
Injured: J. J. Green, engineer, seriously. Gus Wallace, cannot survive. Chambers, fireman, seriously.

Boy Said Men Made Him Steal.

Joseph Moran, aged 13, of No. 192 Plymouth street, Brooklyn, was found in Pepper's brass foundry yesterday morning at No. 188 Plymouth street, getting together a lot of valuable brass castings. He said two men made him steal. Later James Montgomery, twenty-two, of No. 189 Jay street, and James Gault, twenty-two, of No. 143 Adams street, were arrested and arraigned in the Police Court. They were remanded for a hearing on Wednesday.

It takes a pretty versatile chap to turn out successes right along. And particularly so when he has been in the business of entertaining the public for fifty years. That is the case with Mr. Dan Packard, the author of so many popular songs. His latest and best work is, "When the Parson Makes Miss Mandy Johnson Mine." It is one of those original comic songs that will ever be worth singing. Simple in theme and rich in its harmonies, it has the faculty of staying with you. Next Sunday it will appear in the musical supplement of the great Sunday Journal, and you can get it free of charge with the Sunday issue. There are a lot many chances like this, and those who want a good thing are here-with posted where it can be obtained. Dan is also author of "I Love Dat Man," a song which kept the presses of M. J. Bros., the music publishers, whirling for a long time.

CAPTAIN "JACK" PHILIP STUDIES HIS OWN SAYING.



What the Texas Remembers the Spanish By.

"Don't Cheer, They're Dying," He Says Was Only an Impulse of Human Sympathy.

AS MUCH A PAGAN AS A CHRISTIAN IDEA.
He Belongs to a Church and Goes to It on Sundays When Ashore for His Wife's Sake, but He's Not What You'd Call a Devotee.

Fighting Makes Piety.
What a phrase from the captain of a battle ship that had a long series of mishaps and had just received the only serious shot of Spain's guns, a shot that killed one and wounded eight men! Religion had not inspired it necessarily. Even the religion of Fighting Bob Evans is as profound as Captain Philip's, though the name of the energetic commander of the Iowa generally appears in print coupled with an explosive and expressive cuss word.

All great fighters have been religious. Napoleon made the sign of the cross at the beginning of a battle, and said grace at the end; Mohammed fought for a religious end; William the Great, of Germany, was deeply pious, even when he telegraphed to his wife, "Victory won; ten thousand Frenchmen dead; render praise unto the Lord."

None ever thought of Captain Philip's sentiment, the sentiment of the victor generous at the very moment of victory, appealing for reverence to the fallen, "Don't cheer; they are dying." There is nothing like this in all history, in all literature. It is absolutely original, and it could not have been said by a victor who was not an American.

How He Came to Say It.

"How did the phrase come to you?" Captain Philip was asked.

"Oh, I did not seek for it," he replied. "I was on deck, watching the Vizcaya's flag falling. We ceased firing at once. Suddenly the flash of the explosion on the Vizcaya appeared. In the glare of it I saw legs and arms of sailors dying in the air. 'The Texas' men cheered. They were not cheering because of the havoc on the Vizcaya, but because of the Texas' victory. They were not thinking of the victims. I raised my hand and said, 'Don't cheer, they are dying.' You think it was well? I am very glad."

"What was your motive—reverence simply, or human sympathy?" the captain was asked.

"Of reverence for Spaniards I had never a great deal. To tell the truth, I disliked them. My forefathers were Dutch and Protestant. I inherited, perhaps, their resentment against Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. Yes, my father was a Dutch physician in New York."

Only Piety for the Dying.

"It wasn't reverence for the dead but sympathy for the dying that impelled me to stop the cheering on the Texas. Of course,

"Don't Cheer, They're Dying," He Says Was Only an Impulse of Human Sympathy.

AS MUCH A PAGAN AS A CHRISTIAN IDEA.

He Belongs to a Church and Goes to It on Sundays

When Ashore for His Wife's Sake, but He's

Not What You'd Call a Devotee.

EFFECT OF 6 1/2 INCH SHELL ON PORT BOW

DAMAGED ASH HOIST

SPANISH RELICS

DIAGRAM SHOWING COURSE OF SHELL EXPLODED IN SMOKESTACK

DAMAGE CAUSED BY CONCUSSION OF BIG GUNS

What the Texas Remembers the Spanish By.

I wanted the Vizcaya to be undone, and, since it could not be accomplished in any other way, the Vizcaya's sailors to be killed. But haven't you sympathy even for the dog that has bitten you, and that you put to death? And aren't Spaniards fellow beings, after all?"

"That is Christian-like, is it soldier-like?" Captain Philip was asked. "I think," Captain Philip replied, "therefore it must be soldier-like. I am a Christian, but not dogmatic, not even sectarian. I am not a church goer. I am a church member in Boston, where Mrs. Philip's solicitude makes me a proud congregationalist on Sunday. I have no philosophy of life other than that it is better to be too indulgent than to be too strictly just. Will you have a banana?"

From the ceiling of his cabin a bunch of bananas was dangling like a chandelier. With a big penknife he cut off the fruit. He said, "If you are ill, eat a banana; if you are hungry, eat a banana. And he ate."

Don't Fire First on Sunday.

"It is said that you are superstitious about Sunday," he was told.

"Superstitious, no; observant, yes," the Captain said. "The man who fired the first shot on Sunday was always beaten. When we had a conference about a bombardment in Cuba, and I objected, Sampson said that he had lost track of days and dates, but a young Captain rose and said, 'How about Manila, Captain Philip?' I replied, 'At Manila Montojo fired the first shot.' That is the truth. I won my point on the conference."

"Don't cheer; they are dying!" is typical of Captain Philip. It represents his attitude in the world. He was in the coast service against the Confederacy during the entire period of the civil war. After that he had to do yard and office work for a time. There were too many officers, too few vessels in those days. Captain Philip asked for a place in the merchant marine. He applied to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

His steamships were carrying to America for the Six Companies an immense number of Chinamen. Captain Philip was asked to appear before the Examining Board of the steamship company. He appeared and said, "I do not know what your questions may be. I have a commission from the United States that qualifies me to command any ship of its navy. If that is not satisfactory to you, permit me to withdraw my application." He was appointed without examination.

Thorough and Versatile, Too.
There was never a seaman abler to dock a ship. He knows the secrets of all the American harbors. He astonished pilots at San Francisco by guiding his steamship alone through the Golden Gate. He has the reputation of being one of the best equipped officers of our navy. What that means a layman hardly realizes. Captain Philip is a man of science, a lawyer, an electrician, an engineer, a linguist. He knows thoroughly, practically, a great variety of things that are not within the attributes of an officer of the navy. He has, above all, a civility personality.

On the Texas every man feels the force of it. His method is irresistible. He gives orders in clear, short, pointed phrases. They are cumulative in the passionate devotion that they attract. "The climax," one who knows said yesterday, "Captain Jack Philip can order the entire crew overboard and be obeyed." He may be appealed to by the least sailor on his battle ship.

One submitted to him yesterday a telegraphic dispatch signed "Will," announcing the serious illness of a sister. The sailor wanted leave to call on that ill sister. He went from officer to officer with an air that was heartrending. He finished his appeal to Captain Philip by confessing that he had no sister. Captain Philip is an expert as a reader of human nature.

Characteristic of the Man.
Usually reticent, his orders, even to the superior officers under him, are often brusque. One that he gave recently grieved a valuable man, who complained, saying: "I know your manner, and it does not wound me, because I know that your intention is not to be brusque. But strangers do not know." Captain Philip replied, "Forgive me, I shall be more careful."

The beautiful mahogany furniture, the arched shelves covered with silk, the book shelves loaded with classics of literature in delicately ornamented bindings that were in the Admiral's cabin on the Texas have disappeared. They were thrown into the ocean when the battle ship went into action, in order that splinters from the furniture and flame of burning books should not embarrass the gunners.

"Oh, yes, the books might have been placed under a special guard," Captain Philip said smilingly, in reply to a question, "but the Texas is not to protect a few books only and in protecting them run the risk of losing a battle."

"Is the Texas a one ship?" It is the best gun platform in our navy. The large beam makes it absolutely level. When the heavy guns were fired across deck the deck was plumb as it is now. In the roughest weather the Texas never attained a list of more than seven degrees."

Lionized "Texans."
Officers of the Texas are lionized. Invitations to dinner, receptions and lawn parties are offered to them from everywhere. The New York Yacht Club is open to them as to members of the club. They have more visits of influential people in a day than an Ambassador may have in a week. The sailors are applauded wherever they pass.

Captain Philip's phrase, "Don't cheer; they are dying!" is recalled by every Texas sailor that one meets. It is a phrase that will live, because it has beauty of form, wit and a heart. It is an emblematic phrase of the war, fought for liberty, and kindly.

Left Business and Intended Wife.
John Hunter, a lively stable keeper, disappeared from his home in Scotch Plains, N. J., a week ago, without telling anybody where he was going. Hunter was engaged to a Miss York, a neighbor, and they were to have been married soon. She had been saving money toward beginning housekeeping, and it is said that at Hunter's urgent request she had interested to him \$200 with which he proposed to buy furniture, etc.

100 Per Cent Gain.
One year's remarkable record: During July Journal, "Wants" gained 9,619 over same month last year. Put your advertising where it will bring best returns.